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Having recently his mechanical apparatus, is now prepared to do work in every branch of his business.

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Grand Square and Upright.

Daniel F. Beatty,

Washington, New Jersey, U. S. A.

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WILLIAMS' CHILL PILLS

FEVER & AGUE AND SUN-PAIN.

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BEATTY PIANO!

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From Geo. E. Letcher, firm of Wm. H. Letcher & Bro., Bankers, Fayette, Ohio.

We attended the Alhambra Theatre, where a "Trip to the Moon" was being run.

Wanted a short time to give it a good name. Wished you a word in favor of us.

James E. Brown, Esq., Edgewoodville, Ill., says:

The Beatty Piano receives good entire satisfaction.

Agents wanted. Send for Catalogue. Address

Daniel F. Beatty,

Washington, New Jersey, U. S. A.

## THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, JULY 28, 1876.

WHOLE NUMBER 230.

VOLUME V.—NUMBER 22.

*A Trip to the Centennial.*

STANFORD, KY., JULY 25th, 1876.

We left home Monday morning, July 3d, to the Centennial, as our Oriental fellow countryman almost invariably express it. Our train was crowded uncomfortably, to Louisville, in consequence of excursion rates for the 4th, but Capt. Suddith, put us through on time, and our round trip ticket was readily procured for \$36. We left the O. & M. depot, about half an hour late, and in rail-road parlance, were 'shaken up lively' in order that the regular connection should be made with the St. Louis and Cincinnati train. A few minutes after 10 o'clock, we left Cincinnati for Washington City, over the 'Marietta' and Cincinnati rail-road. Took a berth in a Pullman sleeping car, and were aroused by the porter Tuesday morning in time to stand upon a platform and view the magnificent bridge which spans the Ohio at Parkersburg, Va. Between Parkersburg and Wheeling, less than one hundred miles, we passed through 23 tunnels, one or two said to be a mile or more in length, but the speed of our train was such that if asked our estimate of the longest we should have said half a mile. At those places the track looks like an unprosing of profit to a rail-road any section over which we ever traveled, the lands being almost universally stony, rolling and poor, and the products barely sufficient to sustain the inhabitants, one will naturally infer from the present crops.

At Grafton, we ate a 9 o'clock breakfast, for the best meal of which we ever partook at a rail-road hotel. At or near Grafton we began the ascent of the Alleghenies, and were whirled up the steep grades by a couple of engines at a rate of speed equal to that of our L. and N. passenger trains. But for the advice of a traveler, familiar with the road, we should have paid for a seat on the rear platform of the hindmost car—away a parlor or sleeping coach demanding an extra ticket for occupancy. A seat on the left afforded, from a car window, a satisfactory view of the greater part of the scenery along the route through and over the mountains. From near the summit, the scenery is of a grandeur which would throw an American exquisite, (shady) into "connivings." Immeasurable slopes have been cleared of timber, and appear covered by a luxuriant growth of blue-grass. A grass similar to our incomparable blue predominates, a native to us. Without reflecting at what an extreme height above the ocean level one is being dashed at race horse speed around and over the mountains, he wonders at the agreeable temperature of a July day, and is at a loss to account for the rareness of dwelling houses amid the numerous fields. Near a few of the summits we were slightly startled by a sight of Cheat River, hundreds of feet below us. It is a wider stream than our average Kentucky rivers, and the waters were of a peculiar dark, dirty, reddish brown, in consequence of late rains. An ill tempered News Agent assured an inquisitive passenger, whom he had failed to sell any of his merchandise, that it was always that color.

The only thing that we didn't see to admire were pretty women. We didn't see a single handsome and handsomely dressed lady amongst the thousands we saw the two days we were there. We rejoice in realization that we didn't see all there, for we'd regret the belief there wasn't one on the grounds.

Leaving the river on the morning train, we traveled over N. Y. Central and Hudson River R. R., which was represented to us as the only road in the United States which has four tracks. All the crops along the road were fine. Wheat nearly all standing and dead ripe. Corn scarcely waist high, and five and six stalks in a hill, planted usually about 3 to 5 feet, we were told by a communicative old New Yorker, who quizzed us as interestingly about Kentucky, as they who have enjoyed a view of the pictures the first time we drop into a house that deals in chromos.

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We struck the upper waters of the North branch of the Potowmack, near Deep Park, which, to the eye is a most attractive mountain resort. The Atlas (?) of this good government, and a few of its congenials were reported there by a late paper. There we began a continuous and rapid descent to the valley of the Potowmack, where the thickets of wild grape, shrubs, and bushes, and the tangled vines require full a quarter of a mile to pass through. We shot off-hand, and not being a connoisseur, didn't enjoy Art Gallery much more than we did Arch Rus's photograph gallery, so we hurried off in quest of something nearer the grasp of our appreciation, received a good look at the pictures the first time we drop into a house that deals in chromos.

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# The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.,

Friday Morning, July 26, 1872.

## Democratic Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT:  
SAMUEL J. TILDEN,  
OF NEW YORK.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT:  
THOMAS A. HENDRICKS,  
OF INDIANA.

SOMEBODY or nobody, writing from somewhere or nowhere, to the *Courier-Journal*, made a violent assault upon the Hon. M. J. Durham. Now, we had not intended, in advance of a nomination, to take sides for or against any aspirant in our party, and our readers will bear us witness that we have abstained from doing so. But when one of the most prominent aspirants for the honor is assailed from a masked battery, in advance of the Convention, and in a manner to give aid and comfort to the wily enemy, we feel in duty bound to resent it, and denounce the attack as a direct thrust at our party over Judge Durham's shoulders. The tone and temper of the whole anonymous letter are calculated to injure our prospects of success in the race, it matters not who may be our standard bearer. The writer certainly has a personal spite against Mr. Durham, else he would not have gone to the expense of twenty-five or thirty dollars in order to set his spiteful communication in print. The sly bid made by the unknown disaffected individual, for popular applause and approval, by singling out and naming at least one man in each county of the district, for Congress, any one of whom, according to the writer, would make a better representative than Mr. Durham; will - if find such a bait grabbed at with the voracity of a Jack-fish. Its transparency is visible to a blind man even. We have nothing to say against Mr. Hardin in this connection, or any of the half dozen gentlemen named in the communication aforesaid, but we do say that such thrusts as it gave are not calculated to injure Mr. Durham half so much as they tend to injure the Democratic party in this the 8th district. Such talk as that might be endured in a party convention, within our own Democratic household, but to lay it before the world is but to give the enemy a club with which they may cudgel us to their hearts content and aid in battering down our strongholds.

A FOREIGNER who reads the letters of acceptance, written by Hayes and Wheeler, would, of course, conclude that the South is in a shameful and almost illiterate condition. They are led to believe that the negro race there is a fair sample of the intelligence of that whole section. The vassals and serfs of Europe are in a better condition than a majority of the Southerners, according to the views of the two aspirants for presidential honors on the Radical ticket. They would have the world believe that all the wisdom, intelligence and patriotism of this country centers in the North. Why send missionaries to China, Japan, Africa, and India, if we have so many Godless heathens within two days ride of the North by rail or river in our own country? Hayes and Wheeler have never been through the South. They formed their opinions from reading the letters of carpet-baggers and scalawags, and not from a reliable and intelligent source. It is not true that whole counties in Louisiana and other Southern States are without a single school house, as Wheeler says in his letter. The reading public who take their cue from some other quarter than Radical letter writers, will not be deceived by such stuff.

THE "man-and-brother"-party assert that the colored race is abundantly able to take care of itself. Let such logicians go down to poor old South Carolina and witness the scenes there presented on all hands, and then come back and tell us how that race is flourishing. Under negro rule it is the worst governed State in the Union. Debt loads them down, and there is little hope of escape from its grasp. Give that great cotton and rice-growing State a Democratic government, under white men, and it would soon rise from the ashes.

THE Radicals having been trying to steal our Democratic thunder. As soon as our Uncle Samuel sounded the key note of Reform, the Rads took it up and are even trying to "out Herod Herod." If they thought our cry for Reform was only a "delusive yell," why was it that they took it up so soon and so promptly? They well know that the people of this country have set their hearts on Reform, and, knowing that, they greedily grab at the word and try to assume to themselves all that the word means. "Too late, too late, has come your cry."

THE indomitable old ex-Queen Isabella, of Spain, is going back to her old haunts at Madrid, and it will not be long before Alfonso, her son, the King, will have to abdicate and flee over the Pyrenees to France, in order to escape imprisonment or death at the hands of his enraged countrymen.

SOMETHING NEW.—It is not half done yet. We mean this old, old world of ours, with its sixty centuries. Nor can we begin to look for the end when Time shall be no more, until wonders cease. When the steamboat first floated upon the water, people began to think—surely this is the climax, and the end is near. Then long afterward came the telegraph and people, by its use, talked around the world in a twinkling. But the end was not yet found. We have now still another wonder. A man has invented an attachment to electric wires by which musical sounds are transmitted, and a piano played in New York can be heard in New Orleans. More than that, by a strange device, the sound of the human voice can be transmitted over a 1,000 miles on the wires, and two persons can converse with each other audibly that distance apart. If, therefore, in the mere "infancy" of the invention, such results have been accomplished, might we not, as the Boston *Traveler* suggests, expect in due course of time, to see perfect the wondrous machine as to enable an orator in London to address an audience there and at the same time be heard by an audience in Boston? or, might not Wagner with his music performed in Paris, France, delight at the same time a fashionable throng in New York? Verily. The only drawback would be the absence of the speaker or the performer from this side of the water, but then we could close our eyes and draw upon the imagination for the balance. Truly, the end is not yet, and the powers of man's God-given mind have not been fully developed, if, indeed, there is a limit to it where development might said to have ceased, or reached its culminating point.

UNLESS there is another and a better extradition treaty between our country and England, the forger, robber, or other criminal need have no fear to offend against the laws, provided he can feel assured of his escape to that safe asylum, England. Winslow and Brent glory in the beauty and liberality of the present treaty between the two countries. Lord Derby and our present minister are now working away at a new treaty, but it may prove to be even more "liberal" than the first.

A GREAT deal has been said by Republicans about Proctor Knott's withholding the famous Caldwell dispatch, and he has been roundly abused for it. They will now have the report of the whole committee, including Mr. Frye and Mr. Lawrence, Republicans, which fully exonerates Mr. Knott, and they say did precisely right in holding it back until he could ascertain whether or not it was genuine. Thus explodes another Radical bubble, and its contents float out into thin air.

SOME papers assert that Grant has softening of the brain, and is likely to become totally insane, and give as their reason for this belief, that he is turning out all of the honest office-holders and putting in incompetent men. Grant is not insane, nor is he at all likely to become so. The only reason for his conduct is that he will retain no man in office of whom he cannot make a tool and pimp, and his policy is to rule or ruin.

GRANT, not content with turning out of office who should be retained there, has also turned out the State prison men who should also stay there. W. O. Avery, the crooked whisky rascal, is the latest one of his pets who has been set at liberty. In all probability we will soon hear that Grant has given Avery a fat office.

### GENERAL NEWS.

CARL SCHURZ wrote Hayes' letter of acceptance, it is said.

A MONUMENT is to be erected to the memory of the late General G. A. Custer.

A GEORGIA negro paid \$9 to take the homestead law to keep from paying a debt of \$2.

A VERY destructive storm passed over Richmond, Va., recently, killing several persons and destroying many houses.

FALLING IN.—Four-fifths of the German voters of Cleveland, Ohio, who voted for Grant, have joined the Tilden Club of that city.

FIFTEEN prominent Republicans in different States have taken on Democratic armor, and will help us bear our flag to victory in November.

NINE-TENTHS of the Irish, and three-fourths of the German vote in this country, will support Tilden and Hendricks. So the statistics show.

M. HOUSE, the notorious N. Y. divorce lawyer, whose advertisements have flooded the country press for several years past, was shot dead by his wife (?) at their country seat, near Trenton, June 30.

MOTHERS should be very careful about whipping children; they might suide as a little fellow did in Montgomery, Alabama, who hung himself with a plow line because his mother gave him a threshing.

WHEELER, the Republican nominee for Vice President, has written a short letter of acceptance, saying he was willing to enter the race and share the defeat with his head man, Hayes. Misery loves company.

A CLOUD burst in California recently, and drowned thirteen Chinamen woodchoppers, and several other laborers. The cloud poured out a flood of water two feet deep, and swept the people away like straws.

Gov. McEVERY is a candidate for the Gubernatorial nomination by the Democracy in Louisiana. He was clearly and fairly elected once before, when the infamous Kellogg, the carpet bagger, was allowed to take the place.

THREE boys in Tennessee, were convicted of stealing several plow lines. One of them was sentenced to the Penitentiary for two years and the other two for six months each. Pretty severe, but the best way to break up roguishness.

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### STATE NEWS.

A LEXINGTON man was fined ten dollars for hitting a horse over the head with a plank.

EX-LIEUT. GOV. CARLISLE, of Kentucky, is a candidate for Congress in the Covington district.

Mrs. TEVIS' school, at Shelbyville, has been again placed on a firm footing, and will begin its 103rd session in September next.

THE Governor of Kentucky has offered a reward for the arrest of Sam Williams, who was released by the mob at Lancaster, and also a reward for the guilty mobbers.

LEXINGTON is trying to get street rail-roads. Now, if they will first build a decent Court-House, they might then hope to deserve such a convenience as a street rail-road.

THE wheat crop in this county is one of the heaviest made for years. A gentleman coming into town on the Cadiz road, last Saturday, passed 80 wagons loaded with wheat within six miles of the city.—[Hopkinsville New Era.]

IT is stated as true, however hard to believe, and may be accepted as a fact, that the colored people, who will submit to the degradation and insult, are being sworn to support the Radical candidate for sheriff.—[Lexington Press.]

OCTOBER, with biting frosts, is looked for now with more pleasure than before, because we are assured when the leaves begin to fall the base-ball plagues will subside, and we will hear no more of their games until next season.

AN infuriated mob hung a man named Lee, in Northern Kentucky, because he shot and killed the man Ellis, who had seduced his wife. This is the first instance on record, where a man has been mobbed for such an offense. Generally speaking, the slayer of a seducer is made a lion of.

MR. EMMET G. LOGAN, form erly editor of the Shelby *Courant*, has become an *attacke* of the *Courier-Journal*, as we learn from the Shelby *Republican*. Mr. Logan's well known ability as a live newspaper man, will be the means of adding much to the interest of any paper with which he may become identified.

A MORE consistent, or true Democratic county can not be found in the State than the county of Wolfe. Her people are ever alive to the best interests of the Democracy, and, although a mountain county, their citizens are always posted and know how to vote on all the great questions of the day.

UNITED STATES Senator Allen T. Caperton, of West Virginia, died suddenly, last Wednesday. Mr. Caperton was at one time a member of the Confederate Senate during the war, and displayed considerable talent.

A MAN by the name of Green B. Raum, of Illinois, has been nominated by Grant, as Commissioner of Internal Revenue, in place of the valued Commissioner Pratt, who was removed by the President.

### LAND, STOCK AND CROP ITEMS.

THE famous horse Vagrant, won the Exposition Stake at Philadelphia this month.

J. B. OWENS has an Alden Bull which he will "farm out" at \$5 per cow, and allow the farmer to breed to him until his cow has a calf. His animal is thoroughbred, and this breed is known as the best milk and butter stock in the world. The animal is convenient to town.

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THREE boys in Tennessee, were convicted of stealing several plow lines. One of them was sentenced to the Penitentiary for two years and the other two for six months each. Pretty severe, but the best way to break up roguishness.

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# The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY..

Friday Morning, July 26, 1876.

## BUSINESS NOTICES.

BUY YOUR QUEENSWARE cheap, at Smith & Ramsey's.

PHYSICIANS Prescriptions a specialty at Chenault's Drug Store.

SMITH & RAMSEY are selling Paints, Oils and Varnishes, very low for cash.

MACHINE Belts and Rubbers for Sewing Machines, 4 for 25 cts., at Anderson & McRoberts.

A LARGE SUPPLY of needles for all Machines, 4 for 25 cts., at Anderson & McRoberts.

CHECK Springs and gum bands for sewing machines for sale at Anderson & McRoberts'.

"It's Delightful." That's what they say of the Soda Water at E. R. Chenault's, only 3 cents a glass.

THE ONLY pure Soda Water ever made in town is at Anderson & McRoberts'—from new silver fountain.

WATCHES and Jewelry of all kinds at 25 per cent less than Cincinnati or Louisville prices. At E. R. Chenault's.

THE most complete stock of Drugs ever brought to Stanford, at E. R. Chenault's. Prices as low as the lowest.

Dant Pay Doctors two prices when you can buy the best spectacle made, at E. R. Chenault's at \$2.50 per pair.

ALL accounts and notes now due me and not settled within thirty days, will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection. Respectfully,

S. B. MATHENY.

THE BEAUTY Piano, and Beauty's Golden Tongue Organ, manufactured by Daniel F. Beatty, are now highly endorsed by all who have tested them, as well as the style of case, durability, and sweetnes of tone. They are said to exceed any other instruments in perfect construction. See his advertisement in another column.

**SENATE ADVICE.**—You are asked every day through the columns of newspapers and by your Druggist to use something for Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint that you know nothing about, yet get discouraged spending money with but little success. Now to give you satisfactory proof that GREEN'S TINCTURE is the best Remedy for Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint with all its effects, such as Sour Stomach, Sick Headache, Habitual Costiveness, palpitation of the Heart, Heart-burn, Water Brush, coming up of food after eating, low spirits, &c., we ask you to go to your Druggist, Bonham & Stage, and get a Sample Bottle of Green's Tincture. Figure it out costs, and try it, a Regular Size for 75 cents, two doses will relieve you.

MR. JOHN BUCHANAN is quite ill with the steam threshing of Mr. Duderar was at work, threshing on the farm of Mr. William Dunaway, near Hall's Gap, the machinery took fire from friction, and the flames were communicated to the wheat and rye stacks and burned up about 100 bushels of wheat and rye together. It is supposed that the inferior oil used on the machinery, caused it to be fired by friction. They succeeded in saving the machine with only partial damage.

REV. G. O. BARNES and family left here for Chicago, yesterday morning, where they will reside in the future. Mr. Barnes promised his friends that he would come to see them and preach occasionally. He left us with the hearty good wish of all of our citizens. As a christian gentleman, he deserves well of all who may know, and have known him. It is not true that he is to receive a salary for his labor, but goes to Chicago without any fixed sum offered for his ministerial work.

**LOCAL NEWS.**

WE hereby return thanks to Mr. Marshall McKay for Canada papers sent us.

A LOT of casks suitable for putting away in, at Weston & McAllister's.

SEVERANCE & MILLER have just received a large and splendid lot of Hamburgs, &c.

Now is the time to buy your Janes. Come and see our stock.

SEVERANCE & MILLER.

Dr. S. P. Craig and Mr. E. B. Hayden left town this week for a brief sojourn at Rockcastle Springs.

WANTED—RVE.—Severance and Miller will pay the highest market price for RVE.

MRS. ADAM GENSEL has been very ill for some days, and is still in rather a critical condition.

Go to Campbell & Miller's and get a practical Cook Book, containing two hundred recipes, free of charge.

OWING to the pressing care at home in their crops, our farmers have been to town but seldom during the past two weeks.

MRS. JOE SEVERANCE, after a long confinement to her room by a severe illness, was able to walk out in town on a crutch this week.

M. R. W. LILLARD returned from Colorado, last week, after an absence of about four weeks. He reports the Democrats of that new State wide awake for Tilden and Hendricks.

I HAVE several fine Red Berkshire pigs for sale, at a reasonable price. These hogs are known to be the best variety, as they fatten early, and are very thrifty.

J. B. OWENS.

I AM a candidate for Marshal of the town of Stanford, at the August election. If elected, I will try to discharge the duties of the office to the satisfaction of all good citizens.

FRANK GREEN.

LOW.—A black porcile parson, with polished steel handle and chain, left at the Court-House, or some Store or dwelling in Stanford, several weeks ago. Return to this office, and be rewarded.

THE Democracy of Garrard county, last Monday, at a large meeting in Lancaster, unanimously instructed their delegates to cast the vote of that county for Hon. M. J. Durbin at the Stanford Convention on the 19th of August.

AT Hustonville, next Saturday and Sunday, there will be a meeting of the various Sunday Schools connected with the Christian Church, of this county. All who feel an interest in such things should attend, and do what they can to advance the cause of the Sabbath School.

THE investigation into the mob at Lancaster, closed there on Thursday, but what the results attained, we have not learned. The Grand Jury will be likely to have all the facts before them at the next term of the Garrard Circuit Court, and then the trouble will come.

HOTEL in Stanford for sale or lease, "for from five to ten years." One-half or all can be purchased on time payments, one, two, three, four and five years. The Hotel can be converted into two dwellings. None need apply but responsible persons. For further information, apply at this office.

AT a meeting of the Democracy of Casey county, held on a recent date, they voted solidly for Hon. M. J. Durham, and expressed themselves as desirous of having him carry their banner in the race for Congress, against any one who might be called upon to bear the banner of the opposition.

C. S. R. R.—The trustees have awarded the Iron Trestle over Fishing Creek, in Lincoln, and Pittman Creek, in Pulaski, to the Louisville and Iron Company. The Louisville Bridge and Iron Company was let to H. A. Schriver, Section 248, to Timothy Ford; 249 and 251, to Jno. Malo & Co., and 250, to D. Casey.

FIVE or five colored men were in a private stable loft in town the other evening, about to engage in gambling with cards. The Marshal overhauled them and took them before Judge Lytle, for trial, and, on investigation, they were held to answer an indictment at the next Circuit Court, in D. Casey.

T. P. HILL.—The following complimentary notice of our townsmen, Col. Hill, we clip from the Courier-Journal. His card published in this paper of the same date, declining to further seek a nomination to Congress from this District, was a real surprise to many of his friends.

"We publish this morning a card from the Hon. T. P. Hill, candidate for Congress from the 10th congressional district of this State, withdrawing from the race. Mr. Hill says that, after a thorough canvass of the old banner State of Democracy, Kentucky, has a greater or more enthusiastic demonstration been made since the nomination of the ticket which will be sure to win in the November contest."

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"We learn that Hon. Wm. O. Bradley will speak here on to-morrow evening, and formally announce himself as the Democratic candidate for Congress against any one who may be nominated by the Democratic party on the 16th of next month. Let him come! A defeat of a 1,000 majority awaits him or any other man who may feel willing to run the race on that side of the question."

WE have heard little said about the organization of the Democratic party in this county to fight the battle at the August election. Our County Committee should be called to, that every precinct is fully organized, and every aspirant for office, from the lowest to the highest, is a true and tried Democrat. In union there is strength. Let our best men be brought out, and let us see to it, that our full strength is polled for each one."

THE some talk of an old fashioned Democratic barbecue in our county shortly. Let us have one by all means, soon after the Congressional Convention here on the 16th of next month. We have had none for a long time. There should be a grand Tilden and Hendricks pole and flag raised, amid good cheer, accompanied with speeches. It would be the means of arousing the masses and bringing out a full vote for our nominees."

GRAIN BURNED.—Last Monday evening, while the steam threshing of Mr. Duderar was at work, threshing on the farm of Mr. William Dunaway, near Hall's Gap, the machinery took fire from friction, and the flames were communicated to the wheat and rye stacks and burned up about 100 bushels of wheat and rye together. It is supposed that the inferior oil used on the machinery, caused it to be fired by friction. They succeeded in saving the machine with only partial damage.

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SCARLET fever has entirely abated; not a case in town so far as known.

Mrs. MATTIE DOWELL, of Louisville, and Miss Mattie Singleton, of Lancaster, are visiting friends and relatives, in and around our quiet little city.

A HOP was given by the proprietor of the "Dripping Springs," last Saturday. Some three hundred ladies and gentlemen were in attendance. The affair passed off quietly; so much so that it has been a subject of comment ever since. Not a single intoxicated man was to be seen, which is very rare for the Dripping.

THE C. O. SPRINGS are not crowded with guests. Their register foots up about seventy-five. All seem to enjoy themselves. But why should they not have a good time with Mr. Tevis, at the mast?

MARRIED.—At the residence of G. W. Brown, on the 9th inst., Hon. John Brown to Miss Ellen Adams; Elder Z. Shadlock, officiating.

RELIGIOUS.—Rev. T. E. Burr, of Mitchellsburg, Boyle county, preached at Roberts' Chapel on the 16th inst. He has one more appointment at the above place, which will close his labors with us for the present Conference year. Revs. J. M. Salter and H. M. Burk, organized a Baptist Church on Carpenter's Creek, the 21st inst. The people there are alive to their Christian duty. They contemplate building a Church, which is very much needed. May they succeed in this, their noble design.

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DEMOCRATIC JOLIFICATION.—On Friday last the Democracy of Mercer county enjoyed a splendid barbecue on the grounds of the old Military Asylum. Music, speeches and a fine dinner were enjoyed by about 5,000 persons. Hon. B. Magoffin, Isaac Caldwell, Gov. J. B. McCreary, and others were present, and delighted the crowd with Tilden and Hendricks speeches. In no part of the old banner State of Democracy, Kentucky, has a greater or more enthusiastic demonstration been made since the nomination of the ticket which will be sure to win in the November contest.

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WHEAT is generally threshed, and hay and oats secured. The corn crop looks extremely well, but needs rain.

THE finest crop of any character, we have seen this season, is on the farm of Mr. Pendleton Jenkins—the old Infantry Camp-ground in Garrard county. It is a crop of hemp sown by Mr. Crow, of Jessamine. We understand he has leased the land—60 or 70 acres—for three years, at \$15 per acre, per annum. Mr. Jenkins says if he can succeed in renting the remainder of his place on the same terms, he will probably retire from active farming.

FALSTAFF.

MOUNT SALEM.

ON DEAR!

THE trials of life!

THE wages of sin!

THE dread of old age!

CERTAINLY brother Falstaff. We repeat in sack-cloth and ashes. We know that whom thou art, just and true. Thou hast been a good and prudent counselor, and saved thy servant from the awful wrath to come. Let that good light shine in his pathway forever, that his tongue may cleave to the roof of his mouth and his lips may speak no guile.

M. C. JONES is attending the Rockcastle Springs. He has been an invalid for a number of years, and we hope that he may return with his health much improved.

WE are requested to announce for the benefit of those who attend from Garrard that there will be no Sabbath School at Mt. Salem next Sunday. Upon invitation the Superintendent requests that the school eschew attend the S. S. Institute, at the Christian Church, at Houstonville, in the summer.

REV. C. B. CROOKS.

ON THE 19TH inst., Mr. James Luckens, living about one and half miles from town, started in company with a Mr. Perkins in search of a bee tree; about noon some few clouds were seen gathering, still the

# The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.  
Friday Morning, July 25, 1876.

## A SUCCESSFUL ELOPEMENT.

OLD BOGGLES was a brute. I repeated it—an unmitigated brute. Boggles was a wealthy dry-salter in Lime street square, and his residence was in Westbourne terrace. He was a widower, with two children, viz: Jack, aged 23; and Clemintina, a bright-haired, light-hearted, thoughtless little beauty of 18, and one of the most lovable of the sex I had ever seen. Jack Boggles and I were chums at Eaton, and when we left school he joined his father in the dry-salting line, and I turned to the bar. My acquaintance with Jack caused me to be a frequent visitor at Westbourne terrace, and an attachment soon sprang up between myself and Clemintina. But Mammon was the god of Boggles, senior—he began the world as a show-black, and I don't believe the old Pagan could wish his own name; and although he had no objection to me as a companion for his son, he aimed at something better for his daughter than a poor law student of my limited means. Besides, there was a middle-aged, coarse-featured, pimply-faced, vulgar soap boiler in the way, named Tadgeby; and Jack told me in confidence "that he was as rich as Cresus, and he thought the governor had an eye on him for Clem." As for the dear girl, her credit be it recorded, she positively detested the monster. One evening I was leaving the house as usual, when Boggles followed me down stairs and said in a peculiar manner:

"Hun! Mr. Vavasseur, I should like to have a few words with you in the library, if you please."

Of course I assented, and followed him into the study. He pointed to a chair, gave a short, hard cough, and began:

"Mr. Vavasseur, I am a man of the world, and although you are many years my junior, I imagine you to be the same. Now, sir, I do not wish for one moment, to hurt your feelings, but I am a plain man"—and so he was—"ugly" would have been a better word—"and mean to speak plainly. I have lately noticed, with any thing but satisfaction, that there is too great an amount of familiarity between yourself and Miss Boggles, and a father's eye cannot be blind to the fact that your attentions are any thing but obnoxious to her; therefore, I feel it my duty at once to inform you that my daughter never can, by any possibility whatever, become your wife. That being the case, I must request you to put an end to all this boy and girl nonsense for the future. I shall take an early opportunity of speaking to my daughter on the subject, and in the meantime, I think it will be as well for you to discontinue your visits at this house—at all events, until she is settled in life, when I shall again be happy to see you here as my son's friend and my guest."

The hard hearted old villain held out his hand as he concluded, and then added:

"Remember, we are at all times on the best of terms."

"The best of terms!" what a mockery! for at that moment I could with feelings of the liveliest satisfaction, have assassinated old Boggles. I scarcely know what answer I returned; but I took the proffered hand, muttered a few words in a reply, and hurried from the house.

In a few days I discovered that matters were not so thoroughly hopeless after all. True, I was forbidden the house, but there was a traitor in the camp; and through the agency of Jack, a correspondence was carried on between myself and Clemintina, of which old Boggles was perfectly ignorant; and little did that unsuspecting parent know that I and my darling Clem had many cozy afternoons together in Kensington Gardens; for whenever Jack escorted his sister for a walk, I always knew where to meet them; and Jack, believing in the old adage, used to retire to a respectful distance and enjoy a cigar while we two were love making. Still, that sort of thing could not last forever; and knowing that her father was unlikely to alter his mind, we agreed to choose the first opportunity.

"Now's your time, old fellow!" said Jack, bursting into my chamber one morning when I was breakfasting. There is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken in the flood—hush! Shakespear. You know the rest."

"Just so, Jack; but what do you mean?"

"Mean! Listen to this, Charlie, and let's hear what you think of my scheme."

And putting me on the back, he continued:

"The old duchess next door to us—you know who I mean, Mrs. Coopers Tubbs, is to get up a picnic in Richmond Park the day after to-morrow. Clem and I are invited; and the old lady asked me to take down all the fellows I can; and, therefore, I mean you to be one of the party. Don't interrupt me if you please. (Seeing me about to speak.) Clem goes in the carriage with the Tubbs lot, and I'll call her for you. Now you've told me over and over again, you want to run away with my sister. What's to hinder you from doing so, then? Make your pre-

parations; have a trap waiting; and, before we are mis'd, we shall be half way to Dover. I say 'we,' because I'm going with you. By the by, dad and the soap-boiler are to join us in the evening; so we must make our selves scarce before they arrive. What do you think of my plan?"

"Capital! you're a noble fellow, and it's a pity such a genius as yours should be devoted to dry-saltery. You'd have made a splendid diplomatist."

"There, that'll do; no soft soap if you please."

"Do you think your sister will give her consent?"

"Oh, Clem'll do any thing to annoy that wretched of a soap-boiler; besides she's head over ears in love with you. But come, my time's precious; take a pen, write to her, and I'll be the postman."

Here Jack filled his meerschaum, helped himself to bottled beer, took up the "Pickwick Papers," and began to smoke like a small furnace, while I sat down and wrote as follows:

"My own adored Clemintina—Jack has just proposed an excellent plan for us to carry out our project at Mrs. Tubbs' picnic on Wednesday. He will tell you what it is. I know, dear est, that it is not exactly right to run away without your papa's consent, but when a parent insists upon breaking the heart of his only daughter by uniting her to a soap-boiler—being whose sole thoughts may be summed up in two words—"yellow" and "motified," a red-faced, repulsive, unmanly, ungrammatical individual, without an atom of poetry or sentiment in his composition, without consulting her feelings in the matter, the only course left to us is to do without it. Oh! Clemintina, although only two days it seems an age since I have seen you. As Romeo says:

"If you will go on there, would I were a fly. On gray wings I to thy Clem would lie. And gaze, and gaze till I were out mine eyes." I have had a special license and a wedding ring wrapped up in a whitish-brown paper, in my left breast coat pocket, for the last seven weeks. Excuse these blots; they are not tears, but ink. I'm too joyful for tears; but ink, the dear girl, to her credit be it recorded, she positively detested the monster. One evening I was leaving the house as usual, when Boggles followed me down stairs and said in a peculiar manner:

"Hun! Mr. Vavasseur, I should like to have a few words with you in the library, if you please."

Of course I assented, and followed him into the study. He pointed to a chair, gave a short, hard cough, and began:

"Mr. Vavasseur, I am a man of the world, and although you are many years my junior, I imagine you to be the same. Now, sir, I do not wish for one moment, to hurt your feelings, but I am a plain man"—and so he was—"ugly" would have been a better word—"and mean to speak plainly. I have lately noticed, with any thing but satisfaction, that there is too great an amount of familiarity between yourself and Miss Boggles, and a father's eye cannot be blind to the fact that your attentions are any thing but obnoxious to her; therefore, I feel it my duty at once to inform you that my daughter never can, by any possibility whatever, become your wife. That being the case, I must request you to put an end to all this boy and girl nonsense for the future. I shall take an early opportunity of speaking to my daughter on the subject, and in the meantime, I think it will be as well for you to discontinue your visits at this house—at all events, until she is settled in life, when I shall again be happy to see you here as my son's friend and my guest."

The hard hearted old villain held out his hand as he concluded, and then added:

"Remember, we are at all times on the best of terms."

"The best of terms!" what a mockery! for at that moment I could with feelings of the liveliest satisfaction, have assassinated old Boggles. I scarcely know what answer I returned; but I took the proffered hand, muttered a few words in a reply, and hurried from the house.

In a few days I discovered that matters were not so thoroughly hopeless after all. True, I was forbidden the house, but there was a traitor in the camp; and through the agency of Jack, a correspondence was carried on between myself and Clemintina, of which old Boggles was perfectly ignorant; and little did that unsuspecting parent know that I and my darling Clem had many cozy afternoons together in Kensington Gardens; for whenever Jack escorted his sister for a walk, I always knew where to meet them; and Jack, believing in the old adage, used to retire to a respectful distance and enjoy a cigar while we two were love making. Still, that sort of thing could not last forever; and knowing that her father was unlikely to alter his mind, we agreed to choose the first opportunity.

"Now's your time, old fellow!" said Jack, bursting into my chamber one morning when I was breakfasting. There is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken in the flood—hush! Shakespear. You know the rest."

"Just so, Jack; but what do you mean?"

"Mean! Listen to this, Charlie, and let's hear what you think of my scheme."

And putting me on the back, he continued:

"The old duchess next door to us—you know who I mean, Mrs. Coopers Tubbs, is to get up a picnic in Richmond Park the day after to-morrow. Clem and I are invited; and the old lady asked me to take down all the fellows I can; and, therefore, I mean you to be one of the party. Don't interrupt me if you please. (Seeing me about to speak.) Clem goes in the carriage with the Tubbs lot, and I'll call her for you. Now you've told me over and over again, you want to run away with my sister. What's to hinder you from doing so, then? Make your pre-

parations; have a trap waiting; and, before we are mis'd, we shall be half way to Dover. I say 'we,' because I'm going with you. By the by, dad and the soap-boiler are to join us in the evening; so we must make our selves scarce before they arrive. What do you think of my plan?"

"Upon my honor, my dear madam, every word—it is indeed," returned the baronet, exhibiting his false teeth to advantage.

"Once when Tom Higgins and I were on the Ramchandee Ghauta, one of those abominable Bengalees came up and said—"

"A glass of claret, if you please—"

"The Rajah Bustomjee Dooplo Singh intends—"

"Purchasing fifty shares at five pounds premium—"

"Assassinating the whole of you—"

"Getting a few of his friends to rig the market."

"Did you ever know any thing so unpleasant, dear, as—"

"A hundred thousand black rascals it arms—"

"They came from Peter Robinson's—"

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